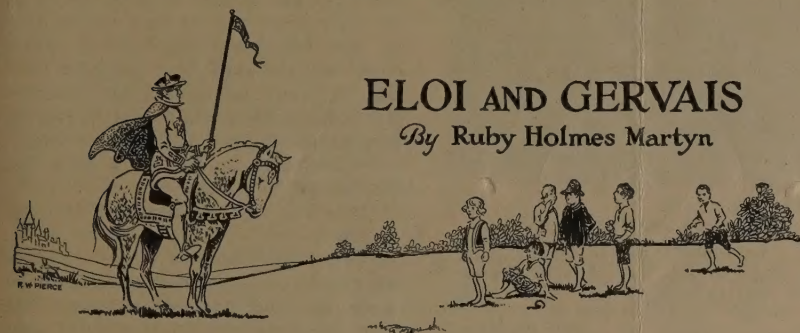




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## ELOI AND GERVAIS

By Ruby Holmes Martyn

ELOI was one of the boys playing ball on the village Common when the Messenger of the King rode in from the great highway on a dappled gray horse, and drew rein to ask a question of the gaping lads who had left their game to watch him. They had never seen so splendid an array of trappings as this Messenger in azure livery with silver trimmings and the gleaming caparison of his steed.

"Is Gervais, the Climber, among you?" imperiously demanded the Messenger. "I seek to fetch him to the King."

Eloi could hardly believe his ears. What could the King want of Gervais? He had never guessed that the fame of his comrade's exploits had gone beyond the little village where they had been accomplished, and a breath of envy stirred in the heart of Eloi. Had not they both climbed beyond the other boys to swing atop the tallest trees in the forest that bordered the great highway? Had they not both crawled hand over hand to the gilded tip of the church spire? Had they not both scaled the river cliffs no one else dared attempt?

"Gervais is not here," a lad of the group found voice to answer the Messenger of the King.

"Fetch him hence!" cried the Messenger. "The King has instant need for him at the Castle where Rohart, the bad raven, dropped the necklace of the queen high among the vines growing on the highest turret, after he had stolen it through the open window of her dressing room. Fetch Gervais hence, and that speedily."

"Is he going to the Castle with you?" piped Pierre, the smallest lad of the group.

"How else? And must I talk all day

to a group of gaping idiots"? scolded the Messenger. "A piece of silver waits for the lad who will fetch Gervais."

Eloi was sure he knew where Gervais was. He was a swift runner, too, and soon outdistanced the other boys. Beyond the village he struck into a forest path that wound toward the river where the villagers often gathered mussels for their meals. He knew that Gervais had grumbled a good deal because his mother sent him there this forenoon for mussels when he wanted to play ball with the boys.

At the edge of the river Eloi saw the clothes of Gervais neatly arranged on a flat stone. There was a big patch on the faded red jerkin; and the homespun small clothes; and the jagged darn in the brown stockings Gervais had torn one day when he was berrying; and the old straw hat with a red riband; and the shoes with gleaming copper toes. Everyone in the village knew Gervais by the clothes he had worn so long. And the breath of envy that had stirred in Eloi's heart when the Messenger asked for his playmate, brought a naughty thought.

Oh, he did want to ride on the beautiful, dappled horse, and he did want to see the Castle, and he did want to show the King that he was quite as clever a climber as Gervais. The Messenger of the King had never seen the lad he was to fetch and could not know the difference; if he ran swiftly through the village, people would never guess that anyone else was inside the patched jerkin, and the homespun small clothes, and the brown stockings with that telltale darn.

And Eloi listened to the naughty thought of the breath of envy. He whisked off his own clothes, and into those of Gervais as quickly as he could.

The best mussels grew on a rock well off shore and he could hear Gervais splashing in the water out there to get a basket full before he swam back to shore. Eloi didn't stop to give him a friendly hail, but started back along the forest path pulling the old straw hat snugly over his black hair. When he reached the edge of the village he took a long breath and sprinted to the Common where the Messenger of the King sat waiting like a statue on the dappled horse.

"Here he is, Here is Gervais!" cried Pierre, the smallest lad, who had staid at the Common while the big boys searched for their comrade.

The Messenger of the King tossed him a bright silver coin.

"Keep it for the lad to whom it was promised," he said, and reached a strong arm to help Eloi to a perch on the saddle bow.

At first Eloi had to lean forward and cling tight to the mane of the dappled horse to keep from falling but as he became accustomed to the cantering motion he found he could sit straighter and look about as he rode along the great highway. Never before had he been so far as this from his home village. They were crossing the splendid bridge which spanned the river at a distance from the rock where Gervais was gathering mussels, and though it didn't look a bit like the same river, Eloi remembered his playmate. What a shame it was that they couldn't both come on this wondrous journey!

It was nearly noon when the turrets of the Castle came in sight. Eloi was tired of riding and somehow he was not altogether happy. The Guardsmen at the drawbridge let them pass, and with a clatter of hoofs on the pavement they arrived in the Castle courtyard and another Guardsman lifted Eloi from the dappled horse.

"Run around to stretch your legs," he said. "And when you have eaten a bit you are to climb to where the necklace of the queen hangs on the high vine of the highest turret."

So Eloi, whom they supposed was Gervais, ran around to stretch his stiff legs, and ate some bread, and quenched his thirst with a delicious cup of cold water, and soon they led him up to the wall from one corner of which the highest turret of the Castle sprang toward the sky. The lad remembered his playmate.



The King was there, and the Queen was there, and the ladies and gentlemen in waiting were there. Eloi felt strangely flustered and uncomfortable. The envy in his heart had disappeared, and he was beginning to fear that someone would guess what he had done. It was dreadful to stand before the King and the Queen and the Court, and know that he had tricked them all.

The Court Chamberlain pointed out to Eloi the necklace of the Queen hanging where Rohart, the bad raven, had left it caught on the vine near the top of the turret. He could see the diamonds gleam and sparkle in the sunshine.

"A purse of gold coins waits for him who fetches the necklace," explained the Court Chamberlain. "And he shall stay at the Castle to learn to serve the King."

Eloi threw off the faded red jerkin that belonged to Gervais, and kicked off the heavy shoes, and began to climb. The vine was strong, and at first it seemed easy to make his way up. He could hear the murmur of talk among those who watched him, and once the King himself cried out a word of encouragement. Several times he stopped to look up to catch sight of the necklace gleaming and glowing in the sunshine. Once he slipped and caught himself just in time to keep from falling.

Finally the climbing grew harder. The stem of the vine was not so strong, and the chinks between the turret stones hardly afforded him foothold. Eloi stopped, and a strange feeling of fear entered his heart. Never, never had he felt like that before! Supposing he should fall with that sin of trickery on his soul? A few steps further up he stopped again. How dared he keep on with such evil in his heart? He found his hands were trembling and his eyes did not see clearly.

The watchers were amazed when they saw Eloi descending without the necklace. And he came down so fast, dropping from stem to stem of the vine at a prodigious speed. And then he threw himself down before the King.

"Mercy, sire!" he cried. "I am not that lad Gervais for whom you sent to our village. I crave the rewards of your kindness for him while you punish me."

"Could you reach the necklace now the sin of trickery is lifted from your heart, lad?" asked the King. "Methinks you climb well."

"I could try," said Eloi.

"Climb!" smiled the King.

So for the second time Eloi started up the turret vine. This time he went on steadily, and when the climbing grew harder it roused his mettle. There were chinks between the turret stones to afford him foothold, and the vine stem was strong enough for his need. His eyes were clear and his hands were steady as he went on and on. And there was a shout from the watchers when the warm, smooth stones of the necklace were in his grimy hand.

Slipping, sliding, dropping from hold to hold, Eloi reached the bottom of the

turret and put the necklace in the King's hand.

"Well done," said the King, gently. "Already a Messenger is on the way to fetch Gervais to share your pleasure at the Castle. The purse of gold coins shall be his and he shall stay to be a lad-in-waiting if he so desires; but I like the fineness of your courage well, and it, too, shall have reward. I like the courage of a soul that dares not keep on when the taint of any sin rests at the heart of its action. I think you have learned that the taint of such sin makes us weak when we need to be strong."

### School Again

COOL again,—school again!

Goodbye, fields and brooks,  
Goodbye, flowers and lazy hours—  
It's time for pens and books.

Turn again and learn again,  
Let nobody shirk.  
Time to play and time to stop—  
Get to work!

*The Portal.*

### Uncle Si's Sermon

BY HEWES LANCASTER

HONEY child, dar was sumpin happened up yander in heaven 't'her day and I wants to tell you just how hit come to pass.

De Angel had done all de jobs de Lord God had gin her to do so she sot down on de steps of de throne to rest a spell, and to 'muse herself watching what-all de people on de earth was a-doing.

Seem like everybody on de earth was plumb flustered dat day. All spring hit had rained and rained twill nobody couldn' get dere tater slips sot out and it had begun to look like dar warnt gwine be nary a sweet tater for nobody to eat next winter. But dat day de sun had come out hot enough to dry de dirt and to kill de tater fleas, and everybody in de settlement was a-scurrying and a-scrumbling to get dere tater slips sot out befo' it begun to rain agin.

Dar was de patches of long, bar rows, and dar was de big beds of tater slips growing green and plenty. De Angel seed how hit was and she lows to herself:—

"If dose people can git dere slips sot out befo' hit begins to rain some mo' dey is sho gwine have a sight of sweet taters to eat wid dere possum next winter."

But what tooken de Angel's eye de mostest was a little gal dat was pulling de slips outen de bed and laying 'em straight so as they could be toted to de patch without drapping.

De Angel got so intrusted watching dat little gal she plumb forgot she was setting on de steps of de throne and says right out loud:—

"Dat sho is curious!"

Wharupon de Lord God heared her and axed:—

"What you find so curious, child?"

"Lord," said de Angel, "hit's a little gal down yander on a bed of tater slips. She's pulling de slips up by de root and laying 'em in piles so's de folks dats planting can tote 'em to de patch and stick 'em in de rows befo' it begins to rain some mo'. Does you see dat little gal, Lord?"

De Lord God cast His eye upon de earth and, answering, said:—

"I sees a sight of little gals pulling tater slips."

"Yes, Lord," 'sponds de Angel, "but de little gal I'se talking about is dat-un in de dirty dress wid de sore on de back of her hand. She ain't pretty none, Lord, nor she ain't clean and nice looking, but every last pusson dat comes to her bed goes away wid dere slips, looking pleased and happy. Hit sho is curious."

De Lord God watches for a spell, den He begins to smile:—

"Does you find dat curious?" He axes de Angel.

"Yea, Lord," says de Angel, "I finds hit mighty curious and I'd sho like to go down dar and find out how-come dat little gal makes folks feel pleasant soon as dey come nigh her. Does you give me leave to go, Lord?"

De Lord God bowed His glorious head in gracious assent, and de Angel flew straight down to dat bed of tater slips.

De little gal was dirtier dan she had 'peared to be and de sore on de back of her hand wasn't fitten for no Angel to look at but soon as de Angel got dar de little gal speaks up and says:—

"Morning, Lady. What kind of slips does you want?"

"I ain't aiming to git no kind of slips right now," says de Angel. "I'se just aiming to stand round for a spell."

"You'se welcome," says de little gal.

Just den a man come a hurrying and a hollering:—

"Hi dar! You got dem slips ready?"

"Morning, sir," says de little gal. "Does you want Porto Rico yams or Jersies?"

De man answers her rough:—

"What you mean axing such questions? Does I look like I was fool enough to plant Jersie taters?"

De little gal grabbed a passel of Porto Rico yams, handed 'em to de man and says:—

"You'se welcome."

Whar-upon de man laughs and says to de Angel:—

"Ain't she de perlitest kid?"

Befo' de Angel could answer de man, long comes a woman a-puffing and a-panting. Her face was kivered wid sweat and she was jest a-scolding:—

"Look alive dar, young-un. You lows I'se gwine wait all night for a passel of tater slips."

"Scuse me, m'am," says de little gal, "does you want Porto Rico or Jersie?"

"What you mean axing me questions like dat-ar," scolds de woman. "Ain't you got sense enough to know I wouldn't eat no yaller tater?"



De little gal passed up a passel of Jersie slips and says:—

"You'se welcome."

"Lord, honey," 'sclains de woman, "I'se dat flustered I plumb forgot my manners!" She bobs her head to de Angel and goes back to de patch a-smiling and a-scusing herself.

De Angel couldn't bar to stand round no longer so she shets up her wings and draps down on her knees side of de little gal.

"Let me help you pull tater slips, honey," says she, "I likes de way you does it."

De little gal looked oneasy like:—

"'Scuse me, lady, I'se feared you'll get yo' hands dirty."

"Dat don't make no difference," says de Angel, "I don't mind getting my hands dirty so as I keep my manners clean. And hit 'pears to me as if you'se keeping yo' manners as nice and clean on dis tater bed as if you was setting round all dressed up in a white-washed cabin."

"Yes m'am, dat's what I'se trying to do," says de little gal. "My mammy allus tells me I must 'member my manners no matter whar I is."

And de Angel, answering, said:—

"Dat's a fact."

So de Angel and de perlite little gal pulled tater slips together twell de whistle blowed, den de Angel flew back to heaven and showed her dirty hands to de Lord God:—

"Lord," says she, "dat little gal down dar's got dirtier hands dan I'se got but she sho has got nice, clean manners and dat's how-come everybody gits pleasant-looking soon as dey comes nigh her."

De Lord God smiled his glorious smile:—

"Dat's what I knows, child," says He. "I'se been a-minding dat perlite little gal. She 'membered her manners all day! And ain't she made my earth a pleasant place?"

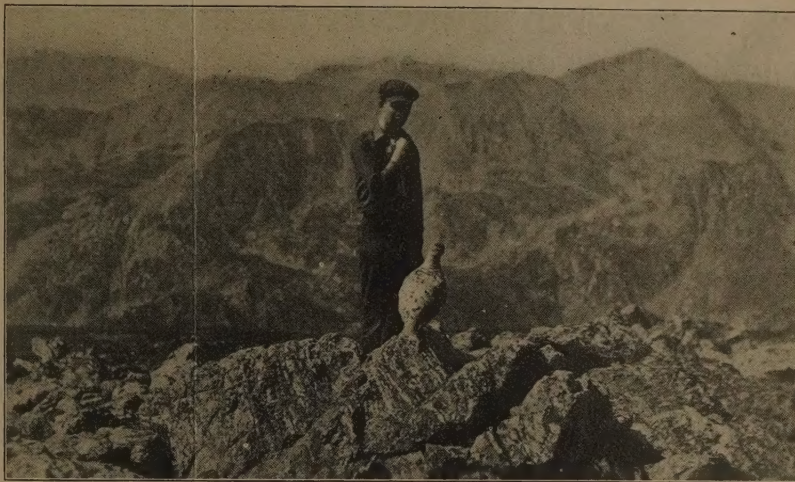
"Yea, Lord," 'sponds de angel, "Dat hot, dirty tater bed was a mighty pleasant place to be at just becuse dat little gal was so perlite."

"Hit sho was," said de Lord God. "Dat little gal sho has done her share to make my earth a pleasant place dis day."

Now, Honey, I wants all of you little people to bar in mind dose words of de Lord's. I want you to 'member dat whensomever you steps aside and lets de other pusson pass through the do' fust, you'se doing yo' share to make de Lord's earth a pleasant place. I want you to 'member when yo' teacher draps her pencil and you picks it up for her perlite and nice, you'se doing yo' share to make de Lord's earth a pleasant place.

De great Lord God is a-setting up dar a-listening and a-looking, and whensomever you 'members yo' manners, He smiles to Hisself and says:—

"Dar's a little child dat's sho is doing hit's share to make my earth a pleasant place."



### A Bird of the Mountaintop

BY ESTHER ELLIS REEKS

THE ptarmigan is a member of the grouse family which lives only in the cold northern regions or near the tops of high mountains. It never travels from north to south in autumn and from south to north in spring as so many birds do, but stays always near the same locality. For this reason it needs to be able to stand a great deal of cold. And so we find that it has a very warm cloak of feathers, these even growing on its legs and feet down to its very toe nails.

Another strange thing about the ptarmigan is the way it changes its coat to harmonize in color with its surroundings. In summer it is gray streaked with brown and black like the rocks. But when winter comes and the ground is covered with snow, its entire plumage becomes white to match. This is what is called protective coloring. It is a wise provision of nature to make the bird invisible to its enemies. Camouflage, we call it when people try to hide in this way.

Visitors to the regions above timberline on the mountains of Colorado often have the pleasure of seeing the white-tailed ptarmigan which make its home there. This member of the family, as its names implies, has always a white tail. It is much less shy than many others of its kind, possibly because hunters seldom visit the sections where it lives.

The boy in the accompanying picture has caught a baby ptarmigan among the rocks on one of these mountain peaks, and he is holding it in his hand. The mother, though a wild bird, would not desert her young and is standing by to see that he does it no harm. She did not know that what was really wanted was a picture of herself, but had she known she could not have posed to suit the photographer better. For if the nearby rocks had been the background against which she stood, we could scarcely have seen her.

In justice to the boy, let it be said, she was given back her little one unharmed as soon as her picture had been taken.

### OUR YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS The Princess Who Could Not Dance

BY JOSEPHINE L. MILES

(Aged eleven years)

IN a land far away from here there lived a little princess who could not dance. Everyone else in that land could dance, even the poorest peasant. It was a disgrace if he could not even hop. So the princess was a disgrace!

Dancing masters came from all over the world to teach her and they all told her the same thing until she knew it by heart: "Left foot forward, right foot forward, then curtsy and spin on your toes!" But the princess put her feet stiffly forward one after the other and when she tried to curtsy she'd slip on the waxed floor and fall in a heap. She was so hopeless that at last the King and Queen could not bear to look at her and the dancing masters went away growling.

One day the Princess Gay went out into the garden to think about it. "I can't dance," she sighed, "my head is still aching from the last time I fell. Oh dear!" Then she felt a cool breath on her cheek. "What's the matter, Princess?" asked a breezy voice.

"Oh, Southwind," said Gay, "I've learned by heart what the dancing masters told me but I can't dance. 'Left foot forward, right foot forward then curtsy and spin on your toes.'"

"Ho, ho," roared Southwind, "do they call that dancing? I'll teach you how to dance, my little friend."

Then he took her hands and whirled away over hill and dale with her. He taught her how to wave her arms and glide over the ground. Then he said, "I have other work to do now, little Princess, but first I will take you to the grasses for they will help you." Then he blew away with her to a great hill where





## THE BEACON CLUB

OUR PURPOSE: Helpfulness.

OUR MOTTO: Let your light shine.

OUR BADGE: The Beacon Club Button.



Writing a letter for this corner makes you a member of The Beacon Club. Address, The Beacon Club, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

Box 197,  
Pepperell, Mass.

Dear Miss Buck:

I would like very much to become a member of the Beacon Club and to wear its button. I go to the Community Church here. Our pastor's name is Mr. R. W. Drawbridge and my teacher's name is Miss Beatrice Boynton. I am thirteen years old, and am a freshman in the Pepperell High School. I would love to correspond with any one in any place on the globe who would like to correspond with me. I enjoy reading *The Beacon* very much.

Yours very truly,  
MARION E. STARR.

1003 MARTIN ST.,  
CINCINNATI, OHIO.

Dear Miss Buck:

I am a member of the Beacon Club but I have lost my button and am enclosing a two cent stamp for another, if you please. One of my girl friends is going to join the Club. Through this helpful club I correspond with Louise Gonser, Boston, Mass. and with Ruth Martin, Lincoln, Nebraska. It is very nice to add two more girl friends to a long list and I am very

thankful to the Club. I read all the stories in the paper and enjoy them a great deal.

With love,  
Yours gratefully,  
HELEN SCHOEN.

MAIN STREET,  
BETHEL, VT.

Dear Miss Buck:

I am eleven years old. I belong to the Unitarian Sunday school and should like very much to become a member of the Beacon Club. My teacher's name is Mrs. Bertha Bowen. Our minister is Mr. Miller. I like him very much. I get *The Beacon* every Sunday, and like to read the letters and stories. I especially enjoyed "A Green T. Christmas".

Yours truly,  
JENNIE KRIESTOCK.

306 SEVENTH ST., S.  
VIRGINIA, MINN.

Dear Miss Buck:

I would like to become a member of the Beacon Club and wear its button. I go to the First Unitarian Church of Virginia, of which Rev. S. M. Lappala is the minister. There are fifteen girls in my class. Miss Wallin is the teacher. I am eleven years old and am in the seventh grade. I would like to correspond with other members of my age.

Your new friend,  
IRMA RAIKALA.

### Church School News

IN two of our churches, the First Congregational Church of Providence, and All Souls Church of Washington, the Superintendents, who have had charge of the schools for several years, retired at the close of the school sessions in June. Dr. Richard D. Allen, at Providence, has served the school for seven years and at the closing session was presented with a purse of gold. In Washington, Mr. Thomas M. Roberts, who has built up the school in numbers and interest through a series of years, felt that he must relinquish the work. At the Children's Day service, Mr. Roberts was presented with a leather brief-case, with all the members of the school joining in a word of thanks and a pledge to carry on the torch which the Superintendent had lighted. Members of the boys' club repeated the poem "Carry on" by Robert W. Service.

The church school in Taunton, Mass., has just given \$25.00 toward the special care of a crippled boy in care of the Children's Mission and will contribute an added sum when it is needed. This money was taken from offerings made in the Kindergarten and Primary departments.

Two one-act plays and the reading of one of Mrs. Freeman's stories made a program given in the West Side Meetinghouse, New York, for the benefit of the Day Home and School for Crippled Children.

At Atlanta, Ga., the church school of the Liberal Christian Church presented a program by members of the school on Children's Sunday, the second Sunday in June.

the meadow grasses were swaying in the sunshine.

The slender grasses showed Gay how to sway and curtsy gracefully. When they had taught her all they knew, they told her to go to the waves. "They can teach you more than we," they said.

So the Princess went down to the sea shore and the waves caught her up and took her far out to sea. There they told her to let go and not be so stiff and starchy. They showed her how to toss her head and one after the other rolled by her, sending their spray far into the air.

Then they gently carried her to the shore and left her on a pile of seaweed. Gay jumped up and, waving her arms above her head, danced merrily home.

When she came to the green in front of her father's palace she stopped in surprise for no one had told her that there was to be a festival. The people were dancing; dancing just as the masters had taught them, stiffly and only with their legs. When Gay saw them she laughed merrily and tossing her golden hair she ran into the middle of the green. There she danced and danced. She waved her arms and tossed her head as the wind and the waves had taught her. She swayed and curtsied like the green grasses of the meadow. All the people stared at her and gasped for no one in the land had ever seen such dancing as that.

Then the King came up and took her hand. "Who taught you that, my daughter?" he said.

"The wind and the waves and the meadow grass," said the Princess Gay.

## RECREATION CORNER.

### ENIGMA III

I am a saying of Jesus to his disciples and am composed of 23 letters.

My 16, 19, 10, 22, 10, 11, 17, 6, is a dim light.  
My 4, 18, 3, 9, 10, 6, 1, is fact, truth.  
My 12, 8, 21, 2, 13, 20, 15, 14, 21, 5, is formerly.

My 7, 14, 9, 23, is to keep.

E. A. C.

### ENIGMA IV

I am composed of 18 letters, and am a Western institution of learning.

My 10, 15, is a personal pronoun.

My 1, 18, 3, 9, is one.

My 16, 13, 4, 5, 14, 2, 11, 6, is an elective official.

My 12, 17, 8, 7, 9, is to put upon wrongly.

### EUROPEAN CAPITAL CITIES

Behead and curtail the name of a European capital; transpose what remains and get what we breathe.

Treat thus a second capital, and find a plundering expedition.

A third capital, and find a piece of ground, something from which we must try to be free, an insect and a preposition.

A fourth capital, and find part of a book, and a stone used for sharpening instruments.

A fifth capital, and find a tune, a metal, and a pronoun.

A sixth capital, and find a piece of hair and very warm.

A seventh capital, and find a number spelled with four letters.

An eighth capital, and find an animal, and to make a mistake.

ETHEL S. WILLIAMS.

### HIDDEN BOOKS.

1. Mac bet him that Alfred would win.
2. Vital is man's heart, the pumping station of his body.
3. Madam, be devoting your time to this boy.
4. Biddle's miserable son has turned thief.
5. I think I will sketch Booker's pasture this morning.
6. Here comes Mr. Jerome! O! and Julie Turner, too!
7. "I," said the fish, "am letting men use me for food."
8. Munro, broyn is the obsolete variant of brine.

Browning's Magazine.

### ANSWERS TO PUZZLES NO. 1

ENIGMA I.—Where there's a will there's a way.  
ENIGMA II.—Athol, Massachusetts.

BEHEADINGS.—J-ails  
A-mount  
C-lose  
O-range  
B-east

TWISTED MAGAZINES.—1. The Country Gentleman. 2. The Authors' League Bulletin. 3. The Pictorial Review. 4. The Saturday Evening Post. 5. Farm Life. 6. The American.

HYDRA-HEADED WORDS.—1. Jest, zest, test. 2. Tart, part, hart. 3. Dove, rove, cove. 4. Lock, mock, rock.

## THE BEACON

REV. FLORENCE BUCK, EDITOR.

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